A LOVE EPISTLE,

FROM

Farmer *Oats*, to Goody *Hay*.

Dear Goody Hay,
To you I pray;
You only can relieve me;
To you I turn,
For you I burn,
If you will but believe me.

Then, gentle dame,
Admit my flame,
And grant me my petition:
If you deny,
Alas! I die
In pitiful condition.

Before the news
Of your poor ſpouſe
Had reached our *Newhaven*,
My dear wife dy'd,
Who was my bride,
In anno ſixty-ſeven.

Thus being free,
Let's both agree
To join our hands, for I do
Boldly aver
A widower
Is fitteſt for a widow.

You may be ſure
'Tis not your dow'r
I make this flowing verſe on.
In theſe ſmooth lays
I only praiſe
The glories of your perſon.

For the whole that
Was left to *Mat.*
Fortune to me has granted
In equal ſtore;
Nay I have more,
What *Matthew* ever wanted

No teeth, 'tis true,
You have to ſhew;
Youth think teeth inviting;
But, ſilly youths!
I like thoſe mouths
Where is no fear of biting.

A leaky eye,
That's never dry,
Theſe woeful times is fitting.
A wrinkled face
Adds ſolemn grace
To folks devout at meeting.

A furrow'd brow,
Where corn might grow,
Such fertile ſoil is ſeen in't;
A long hook noſe,
Tho' ſcorn'd by foes,
For ſpectacles convenient.

Thus to go on,
I could pen down
Thy charms from head to foot
Set all your glory
In verſe before ye,
But I've no mind to do't.

Then haſte away,
And make no ſtay;
For ſoon as you come hither
We'll eat, and ſleep,
Make beds, and ſweep,
And talk and ſmoke together

But, if, my dear,
I muſt move there,
To your town I will ſet me,
To towze the hay
On which you lay,
If, dame, you will but let me.

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